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THE OBSERVATOR.

Of the Libel, call'd The Memorial of the Church of *England*; *with Reflections thereon.*

From Saturday July the 21st, to Wednesday July the 25th, 1705.

Country-m. MAster *Observator*, have you consider'd the Book I left with you, call'd *The Memorial of the Church of* England, *&c.* I long to have your Opinion on that Libel.

Obs. To oblige you, I shall say something in General of this Book; but should I enter into Particulars, I should oblige the Queens and the Nations Enemies, by Publishing a Libel which is wisely Suppreſt by the Government. 'Tis true, where Poison is dispers'd in a Kingdom, Antidotes ought to be Publish'd; and whilst I live, none of the Enemies of our Peace shall fix a speck of Dirt on her Majesty and Government, but I'll take care to wipe it off, which I can do thro' every Paragraph of this Book, and would do it, did I not consider that a Man many times thro' a true Zeal for his Queen and Country, may do what may tend to its Disservice.

Let it rest here, To tell the World that there is a Villanious Libel Written and Printed against Her Majesty and Government, tho' it is no wonder, yet it may be of no Evil Tendency; and it mayn't be amiss to consider from what Springs, from what Sources and Originals Libels of this Nature do proceed.

The *Libeller* complains of a *High-Flying Ministry* Displac'd; from whence he concludes infinite dangers to the Church and State; if we may determine, that *Non-Prosecutions* of inveterate Libels againg the Queen and Government, is an encouraging and abetting of such Libels, then are we beholding to the very Ministry he applauds for that immense Cargo of Libels that have been Traffick'd within this Kingdom.

I think it unjust to accuse my greatest Enemies with Crimes that are not Matter of Fact, and if the Universal Observation of Mankind may not justifie this Position, I'll give you an Instance of my own particular Knowledge.

I was in the Closet of a certain Minister, whose Dismission from Office is much complain'd of in this Book, where I received a Reprimand from his Lordship, on account of some pretended Irregularites in my Writing: His Lordship at that time had in his hand, the Libel call'd *The Exorbitant Grants of King* William; it was the same day the Printer was taken into Custody for that Book; his Lordship ask'd me, *Whether I had seen that Book*, I answer'd his Lordship, That I then had it in my Study, and was Writing an answer to it. The Author of that Book was Mr. *David Fitz Girald*, an *Irish Papist*, then a Prisoner in the *Queens-Bench*, under a Fine for a Libel Written against King *William*, but so it happen'd, that no Prosecution came against Author or Printer, and the Author soon after had his Liberty without Payment of his Fine.

Now all Men must Rationally Judge, that the *Non-Prosecution* of this Book, was an encouragement to the same Printer to Print this *Memorial of the Church of* England, and several other Libels of that Nature.

And yet at the same time, great care was taken by that Ministry to Prosecute such as Wrote in Defence of the Queens Right against those Libels, and my self about that time, was Prosecuted by Indictment at the *Old-Baily*, for Writing against the *High-Churches* dear Friends, the *Papists*, and have now been under trouble and great Charge for near two Years, for my Writing in Defence of the Queens Right to the Crown, and the Liberties of *Englishmen*, which trouble is not yet over.

'Twas a blessed Ministry; the Sons of *Belial* had a Glorious time under that Administration; what did they not say, what did they not do with Impunity? 'Twas a Purblind Ministry, and tho' it could not see a near Criminal, yet with an Invidious Eye of Retrospection it could Punish backwards, for Words spoken long before Her Majesties Accession to the Crown. Witness Mr. *Jomes Taylor*, the *Tanner*.

And Her Majesty by displacing these Ministers, has incurred the displeasure of *High-Church*. These are Men of Unspotted Loyalty, are they not? Who will not suffer Her Majesty to dispose of Offices as She thinks best and proper? If this be the Effects of *High-Church-Principles*, was I amiss the other day, when I told you that the *High-Flyers* were Rebellious, and Enemies to Monarchy?

To give you a succinct Account of this Book; 'tis a Ministerial Quarrel, a squabble of *Parties* about *Places*; I may be call'd unmannerly, should I say of *Hounds* contending for the *Bone* of *Preferment*; I can see nothing else in the whole Book, but complaints of being Out, and the Church is the Reason why they should be in. And why the *Church* Pray? A-lack-a-day, he that is not for the *High-Church*, is not fit for a *High-Post*. Was is not a pretty Glorious sight a while ago, to see some People in *High-Posts* mounted on the ridge of the *Church*, where they kick'd and spur'd at such a rate, that the Tiles began to fly, and the Rafters to be displac'd? Was it not high time then to take the Pugs down, when we found they were resolv'd to Untile the *Church*.

I see no better Pretensions the *High-Flying-Party* can have to the chief Employments, but that they are Mischievous; and how uneasie must the Crown sit on that head which is surrounded with Men of *Contentious Spirits*? Those that seek the good of their Soveraigns, will endeavour to maintain Peace, that the Royal Mind may not be disturb'd by *Factious Jars*. Every Body knows what a troublesome thing one Make-bate is in a Family; and if Her Majesty has clear'd Her House of such as were the perpetual Disturbers of its Peace, can any blame Her? Do we not the same in our own Private Concerns? Since Her Majesty has such Concerns on Her hands, such mighty Enterprizes in Agitation, 'tis but reasonable

able She should have some Retirement from Royal Care, and suffer Her Thoughts to have some Repose; but how can this be done when She has a Company of Pick-Thanks about Her, whose uneasie Tempers, invade the Throne with Hurricanes and Tempests, and will hardly suffer an Air of Serenity to Refresh the Royal Mansions?

Parvis Componere Magna. In our own Private Concerns do we not seek our ease more than our Profit? What are all the Goods of *Fortune*, or the Transcendent Comforts of this Life, where the mind is in Torment, and renders the Enjoyment imperfect? Do we not drive that ugly Hag, Vexation, as far as we can from our Doors? Was ever Man yet in love with the Invaders of his Peace? Did ever Man seek Tormentors? And do not all Men get rid of 'em with the greatest speed?

Ill Nature is so Evil a Companion that it infects the whole Society, if not with its own Malignity, yet by the Natural Ugliness of its Aspect, it Clouds the Minds of the Company, and creates an uneasiness that makes every thing disagreeble; and don't all Men shun such Society?

Certainly in my low Station, I am much happier than Her Majesty in Her Exhalted Sphere, if I can chuse my Company and She not: Would a Person endued with common Reason take a Servant that he knows is a Make-bate, a Tell-tale, and a Reviler of his Brethren? He must certainly be of a very crooked Humour himself, who can delight in such Company, who instead of soft Musick, can be pleas'd with the rough Harmony of Key and Tongs. We put Birds in Cages to delight our selves with their Natural Accents; but did you ever see a Croaking *Toad* hung up in a Cage, which, besides his Unharmonious sound, may Poison the Family?

Has Her Majesty in some measure eas'd Her self of that Burden, which Gall'd Her Royal Shoulders, as well as those of the whole Kingdom, in doing of it has She not made us easie as well as Her self? What Disturbance a while ago did every Honest Man in *England* find within his Breast? When we saw such at the helm of State, who could not keep the Sails fill'd, but made a Leeward way with other views than the Safety of the Queen and Realm.

Statesmen and *Ministers*, they say, are Cunning Creatures, and have much of the *Fox* in them; but they should not go about like *Sampson's Foxes*, with Fire-brands in their Tails to set the Nation in a Flame: Men that are of hot and fiery Tempers, ought rather to be under Guardianship, than to take care of the State. *Omne perit Judicium quando Res Transit in Affectus.* Men lose their Reason in their Passion, and he can neve be a Good Politician, and fit to Govern others, who knows not how to curb his Passion, and to Govern himself.

'Tis hardly worth my while to take a view of the Complaints made against the present Ministry, they are so Idle and Trivial in themselves, and so Individious from the Party, that they are rather an Encomium than a Satyr upon those great Personages that are design'd to be expos'd thereby.

But, certainly, none in a great Post was ever handl'd with more Malice, Envy and Spleen, than is the Lord *Treasurer* in this Scandalous Libel. I thought, when I began to Read the Reflections on his Lordship, that anon I should meet with some Discovery of his Misapplication of the Publick Treasure, Consumption of Funds, or some horrid Mismanagement or other; but not one Word of all this. What then? why his Lordship is a Gentleman that is Govern'd by Reason, and won't submit his Judgment to the Opinion of those that have parted with their Understandings for Heat and ill Nature, and now bid Defiance to *Truth*, *Equity*, and *Justice*.

Honest *Country-man*, this is the great Charge against the Lord *Treasurer*, and judge you, since his Lordship sits with clean hands in the Treasury, and is Guilty of no Mismanagement, whether his not being of the worst and most absurd Opinion that ever was, can be made an Argument against his Lordship, as Lord *Treasurer*.

It matters nothing to the Nation, whether our chief Officers are *High-Church*, *Low-Church*, or *No-Church*, provided they are Skilful and Honest in their Posts; let 'em believe there is a World in the Moon, as long as I am not bound to believe with them, I don't care; and if they don't Embezel the Nations Money, and by the Power they have, don't make room for *Perkin*, I think they are very Honest Gentlemen let their Opinion be what it will.

But how finely would Her Majesty be serv'd if Ministers were chosen by the Wind-Mills in their Brains? And if being a *High-Flyer*, is a Qualification for a Post, the bulkiest Man in the Kingdom would turn an *Icarus* but he would fly to the top of Preferment, and then, like him, Melt the Wax, and tumble into the Sea. It can't be expected that a *High-Flyer* should hold his Post long, the very Birds when they Perch on the *Summit* of the Steeple, are driven from thence by the Winds. There are a thousand Dangers in an uncommon height; low and sure.

Country-m. Well, Master, we have talk'd enough of this Libel at present, but when we meet next, I must get some more out of you. Come Master, one Bumper of *October* to the Queen, Her Ministers, and all Her good Friends, and so to Bed.

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